

# THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES AND CO. AT NUMBER NINE, MARKET-SQUARE; WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED.

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833.

NO. 11

## Miscellaneous.

### PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

This fine sketch originally appeared in 1814, in the third volume of the *Analectic Magazine*, and was, at the time, attributed to the author of the *Sketch Book*. Its connection with one of the most interesting portions of Rhode-Island history, and the beauty of its composition, have induced us to re-publish it. By those to whom it is familiar, it will be again read with pleasure; and those who have never read it, will be gratified by having it put into their hands.

It is to be regretted that those early writers, who treated of the discovery and settlement of our country, have not given us more frequent and candid accounts of characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes that have reached us, are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is, in a primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery, in happening upon these wild, unexplored tracts of human nature—in witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment, and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities, which have been artificially wrought up by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness and almost existence of man depends so much upon public opinion, he is forever acting a part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is termed good breeding, and he only practises so many amiable deceptions, and assumes so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real character from that which is acquired or affected. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and living, in a great degree, solitary and independent, obeys the impulses of his inclination, or the dictates of his individual judgment, and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like an artificial lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early provincial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization in this country may be traced in the blood of the original inhabitants; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth; how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust.

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of cotemporary sachems, who reigned over the Pequots, the Narragansetts, the Wampanoags, and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England—a band of native, untutored heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp, for the deliverance of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown; worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the pilgrims, as they are termed, first took refuge on the shores of the new world, from the persecutions of the old, they found themselves in the most gloomy and helpless situation. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away by sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigors of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever shifting climate; their hearts were filled with the most gloomy forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into utter despondency, but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation, they received from Massasoit, chief Saganfore of the Wampanoags, the cheering rites of primitive hospitality. This powerful prince, who reigned over a great extent of country, came early in the spring, with a small retinue, to the new settlement of Plymouth; instead of taking advantage of the scanty numbers

of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories, into which they had intruded, he entered into a solemn league of peace and amity, sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure to them the good will of his savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, it is certain that nothing appears to impeach the integrity and good faith of Massasoit. He continued a firm and generous friend of the white men, allowing them to extend and strengthen themselves in the land, and betraying no jealousy at their increasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his death, he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, to renew the covenant of peace, and to secure it to his posterity. In this treaty he endeavored to protect the religion of his forefathers from the zealous attacks of the missionaries; he stipulated that no further attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith; but finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip, to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence, and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the white men and himself, might be continued afterwards with his children.—The good old sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe—his children remained behind to experience the gratitude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, who succeeded him, soon incurred the hostilities of the settlers. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary rights and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers excited his indignation; and he beheld with alarm their merciless and exterminating wars against the neighboring tribes. Whether authorized by fact, or dictated by suspicion, he was accused of plotting with the Narragansetts to rise against the English, and drive them from the land. The proceedings of the settlers show the rapid increase of their power, and their overbearing conduct towards the natives. They despatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander, and bring him before their court. He was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting-house, where he was reposing unarmed, with a band of his followers, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud savage as to throw him into a raging fever; he was permitted to return home on condition of sending his son as a hostage for his appearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he reached his home, he fell a victim to the exasperations of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metacomet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. The well known energy and enterprise of his character made him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of always cherishing a secret and implacable hostility towards the English. Such may very probably and very naturally have been the case. He considered them as originally mere intruders in the country, who were presuming upon indulgence, and extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases? The nations were equally despoiled by the arts and the arms of the white men. The latter made thrifty bargains by their superior adroitness in traffic, and they gained vast accessions of territory by easily excited hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be legally inflicted.—Leading facts are all by which he judges, and it was enough for Philip to know, that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope,\* the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance, and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various tribes of the East to rise at once and make a common effort to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. It is difficult to assign the proper credit

due to these early accusations against the Indians. There was a proneness to suspicion, and an aptness for acts of violence, on the part of the whites, that gave weight and importance to every idle tale. Informers abounded where talebearing met with countenance and reward; and the sword was readily unsheathed where its success was certain, and it carved out empire.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip, is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been heightened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He had two or three times changed his faith and his allegiance, with a facility that shows great looseness of principle; and, after having acted as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and enjoyed his bounty and protection, he deserted him when he found the glooms of adversity beginning to lower around him, went over to the whites, and, in order to gain favor, turned against his former benefactor, and charged him with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbor; they had publicly evinced their distrust, and had done enough to arouse his hostility: according, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly after found murdered in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one questionable witness, were condemned and executed as his murderers.

This treatment of his subjects and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The bolt that had thus fallen at his very feet, awakened him to the gathering storm, and he determined to trust himself no longer in the power of the white men. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind, and he recollected the tragical end of Miantonimo, a great sachem of the Narragansetts, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, acquitting himself of an alleged conspiracy, and receiving assurances of their amity, had been perditionally despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men around him; persuading all strangers that he could, to join his standard; and sent the women and children to the Narragansetts for safety, and wherever he appeared was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of irritation and distrust, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, committed various depredations, and in one of their maraudings, a warrior was fired upon and wounded by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times, we find symptoms of the diseased state of the public mind. The glooms of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and filled their imaginations with all the frightful chimeras of witchcraft, spectreology, and omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians, we are told, were preceded by a variety of those awful warnings that forerun great and public calamities. At one time the perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the air at New Plymouth, which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a "prodigious apparition." At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns thereabouts, "was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth and a considerable echo." Others were alarmed on a still, sunshine morning, by the discharge of guns and muskets—bullets appeared to whistle past them, and the noise of drums resounded in the air, and seemed to pass away to the westward; others fancied the galloping of troops of horses over their heads; and certain monstrous births that took place about the time, filled the superstitious of some towns with doleful forebodings. These portentous noises may easily be ascribed to natural phenomena—to the uncouth sounds and echoes that will sometimes strike the ear amidst the profound stillness of woodland solitudes—to the casual rushing of a blast through the tree tops—the crash of falling wood or mouldering rocks—they may have startled some melancholy imagination—been exaggerated by the love for the marvellous, and listened to with that avidity with which we devour whatever is fearful and mysterious. The currency of their

\* Now Bristol, Rhode-Island.

\* The Rev. Increase Mather's History.



circulation, and the grave record made of them by one of the learned men of the day, are strongly characteristic of the times.

The nature of the contest that ensued with Philip, was such as generally marks the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with a wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of this war are minutely transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time; who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, while he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppressions of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy a capacious mind; and had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail; a mere succession of massacres. Still it sets forth the military skill and prowess of Philip; and wherever in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can reach at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous genius, a fertility in expedients, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, compelled to take refuge in the depths of forests, or the glooms and thickets of swamps, and frequently surrounded by the enemy, yet he repeatedly found means to evade their toils, and suddenly emerging with his forces, carried havoc and dismay into the settlements. At one time, he was driven, with a band of followers, into the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, where the English forces did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes: they, therefore, invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the intention of starving out the foe; but Philip and his companions, leaving the women and children behind, wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts, and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

One of the most faithful friends that Philip had in the time of his adversity, was Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narragansetts. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great sachem, who had been put to death by the perfidious instigations of the English: "he was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English;"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his shattered forces with open arms; and gave him the most generous countenance and support. This, at once, drew on him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the sachems in a common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and sent into the Narragansett country, in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, no longer afforded impenetrable fortresses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had sheltered the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, in a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound, or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the middle of a swamp, constructed with a judgment and skill vastly superior to the usual fortifications of the Indians; and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegade Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this strong hold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack; several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success; a lodgment was effected; the Indians were driven from one hold to another; they disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair; most of their veterans were cut to pieces, and, after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort and plunged into the depths of the surrounding forest. The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children, perished in the flames. This last inhuman outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld, with anguish of heart, the desolations of their dwellings, and heard the

agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a cotemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in much doubt then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the gospel."

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention; the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally, and to the hapless cause he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut, where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seekonk, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and procure seed corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narragansett, resting at some wigwams near Pawtucket river, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet despatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw by, first his blanket, then his silver laced coat and belt of peace, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit. At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But on being made a prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted chieftain, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting, with his nation, to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects; saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith towards the whites, and that he had boasted he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and that he would burn the English alive in their houses; he disclaimed to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, "and he desired to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a being towards whom war has no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion—he was condemned to die. The last words of his, that are recorded, are worthy of the greatness of his soul, and challenge a comparison with any speech on a similar occasion in the whole range of history. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed, "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stonington, by three young sachems of his own rank.

The defeat at the Narragansett fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain

\*MS. of the Rev W. Ruggles.

saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His treasures were captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side. But persecution ceased not at the grave. Even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body, set upon a pole, and thus exposed at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognised the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical lamentations."

However, Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart, and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; "there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance." With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a spectre, among the desolated scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friends.—There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur seems to gather round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to receive a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he even smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp, where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while, he saw five of his truest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain: he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt at escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find, amid all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated



his heart, and bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities, and bold achievements, that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a foundering bark, amid darkness and tempest—without an eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

From D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

#### LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A writer of penetration sees connections in literary anecdotes, which are not immediately perceived by others; in his hands, anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. Facts of themselves are barren; it is when these facts pass through our reflections, and become interwoven with our feelings, or our reasonings, that they are the finest illustrations; that they assume the dignity of "philosophy teaching by example;" that, in the moral world, they are what the wise system of Bacon inculcated in the natural knowledge deduced from experiments; the study of Nature in her operations. "When examples are pointed out to us," says Lord Bolingbroke, "there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact, when we resist speculation."

For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. In literary biography a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself.—The studies of artists have a great uniformity, and their habits of life are monotonous. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, although they do not all meet with the same glory. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labor. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life, is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigor of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure, the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some impatient pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, "Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!" I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.

Dr. Johnson devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, and expresses himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes: "They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind,—the irregularity of his pulse; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherbe, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentlemen*, because either word included the sense of both."

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following notices. Dr. J. Warton has informed the world, that many of our poets have been handsome. This, certainly, neither concerns the world, nor the class of poets. It is trifling to tell us that Dr. Johnson was accustomed "to cut his nails to the quick." I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore a greater number of stockings than any other person, excepting one, whose name I have really forgotten. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that two things were remarkable of this scholar. The first, that he studied on the floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him; and, secondly, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great! This admirable biographer should have told us whether he frequently turned from his very uneasy attitude. Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin with Cicero; but a man may resemble a statue of Cicero, and yet not Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutiae, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept

four? That he wore green taffety in France; but that in Holland he quitted taffety for cloth; and that he was fond of omelets of eggs?

It is an old observation of Clarendon in his own life, that "Mr Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr Hales; and it was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of THAT SIZE." Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of low stature and smaller than most men; and of Sidney Godolphin, "There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient in his friendship for Mr Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company where he was the properer man."—This irrelevant observation of Lord Clarendon is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle; as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connexion with their genius and their virtues. Perhaps, too, there was in this a tincture of the superstitions of the times; whatever it was, the facts ought not to have degraded the truth and dignity of historical narrative. We have writers who cannot discover the particulars which characterize THE MAN,—their souls, like damp gun-powder, cannot ignite with the spark when it falls upon them.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for some writers, to give us all they know, than to try their discernment for rejection. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil, will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than that anything material which concerns a Tillotson or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear inconsequential to a reader, may bear some remote or latent connexion. A biographer who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many connexions which escape an ordinary reader.

From the same.

#### ORTHOGRAPHY OF PROPER NAMES.

We are often perplexed to decide how the names of some of our eminent men ought to be written; and we find that they are even now written diversely. The truth is that our orthography was so long unsettled among us, that it appears by various documents of the times which I have seen, that persons were at a loss how to write their own names, and many certainly have written them variously. I have sometimes suspected that estates may have been lost, and descents confounded, by such uncertain and disagreeing signatures of the same person. In a late suit respecting the Dutchess of Norfolk's estate, one of the ancestors has his name printed *Higden*, while in the genealogy it appears *Hickden*. I think I have seen Ben Jonson's name written by himself with an *h*; and Dryden made use of an *i*. I have seen an injunction to printers with the sign manual of Charles II, not to print Samuel Boteler esquire's book or poem called Hudibras without his consent; but I do not know whether Butler thus wrote his name. As late as in 1660, a Dr. Croone was at such a loss to have his name pronounced rightly, that he tried six different ways of writing it, as appears by printed books; Cron, Croon, Croyn, Croone, and Croyne; all which appear under his own hand, as he wrote it differently at different periods of his life. In the subscription book of the Royal Society he writes *W. Croone*, but in his will at the Commons he signs *W. Croone*. Ray the naturalist informs us in his letters, p. 72, that he first wrote his name *Wray*, but afterwards omitted the *W*. Dr. Whitty, in books published by himself, writes his name sometimes *Whiteby*. And among the Harleian Manuscripts there is a large collection of letters, to which I have often referred; written between 1620 and 1630 by Joseph Mead; and yet in all his printed letters, and his works, even within that period, it is spelt *Mede*; by which signature we recognize the name of a learned man better known to us: it was long before I discovered the letter-writer to have been this scholar. Oldys, in some curious manuscript memoirs of his family, has traced the family name through a great variety of changes, and sometimes it is at such variance, that the person indicated will not always appear to have belonged to the family. We saw recently an advertisement in the newspapers offering five thousand pounds to prove a marriage in the family of the Knevetts, which occurred about 1661. What most disconcerts the inquirers is their discovery that the family name was written in six or seven different ways; a circumstance which I have no doubt will be found in most family names in England.—Fuller mentions that the name of Villers was spelt fourteen different ways in the deeds of that family.

I shall illustrate this subject by the history of the names of two of our most illustrious countrymen, Shakspeare and Rawley.

We all remember the day, when a violent literary controversy was opened, nor is it yet closed, respecting the spelling of our poet's name. One great editor persisted in his triumphant discovery, by printing *Shakspeare*, while another would only partially yield, *Shakspeare*; but all parties seemed willing to drop the usual and natural derivation of his name, in which we are surely warranted from a passage in a contemporary writer, who alludes by the name to a conceit of his own, of the martial spirit of the poet. The truth seems

to be, then, that personal names were written by the ear, since the persons themselves did not attend to the accurate writing of their own names, which they changed sometimes with anxious nicety. Our great poet's name appears *Shakspeare* in the register of Stratford church; it is *Shakspeare* in the body of his will, but that very instrument is indorsed Mr *Shakspeare's* will. He himself has written his name in two different ways, *Shakspeare* and *Shakspeare*. Mr Coleman says, the poet's name in his own country is pronounced with the first *a* short, which accounts for this mode of writing the name, and proves that the orthoepy rather than the orthography of a person's name was most attended to; a very questionable and uncertain standard.

Another remarkable instance of this sort is the name of Sir Walter *Rawley*, which I am myself uncertain how to write; although I have discovered a fact which proves how it should be pronounced.

Rawley's name was spelt by himself and by his contemporaries in all sorts of ways. We find it *Ralegh*, *Raleigh*, *Rawleigh*, *Rawley*, and *Rawley*; the last of which at least preserves its pronunciation. This great man, when young, appears to have subscribed his name "Walter *Rawley* of the Middle Temple," to a copy of verses, printed among others prefixed to a satire called the Steel-glass, in George Gascoigne's Works, 1576. Sir Walter was then a young student, and these verses both by their spirit and signature cannot fail to be his; however this matter is doubtful, for the critics have not met elsewhere with his name thus written. The orthoepy of the name of this great man I can establish by the following fact. When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favorite; the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception: "Rawly! Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very *Rawly*, mon!" There is also an enigma contained in a distich written by a lady of the times, which preserves the real pronunciation of the name of this extraordinary man

"What's bad for the stomach, and the word of dishonor,  
Is the name of the man, whom the king will not honor."

Thus our ancient personal names were written down by the ear, at a period when we had no settled orthography; and even at a later period, not distant from our own times, some persons, it might be shown, have been equally puzzled how to write their names; witness the Thomsons, Thompsons; the Wartons, the Whartons, &c.

Attraction and repulsion seem to be the active principles of the universe. They pervade not only the greatest but the minutest works of nature. Salts, earths, inflammable bodies; metals, and vegetables, have all their respective relations to each other. The order of these relations is so uniform, that it has been ascribed by some philosophers to a latent principle of intelligence pervading each of them.

Colors, odors, and sounds, have likewise their respective relations to each other. They become agreeable and disagreeable, only in proportion to the natural or unnatural combination which takes place between each of their different species.

It is remarkable, that the number of original colors and notes in music is exactly the same. All the variety in both proceeds from the difference of combination. An arbitrary combination of them is by no means productive of pleasure. The relation which every color and sound bear to each other, was as immutably established at the creation, as the order of the heavenly bodies, or as the relation of the objects of chemistry to each other.

But this relation is not confined to colors and sounds alone. It probably extends to the objects of human aliment. For example: bread and meat, meat and salt, the alkalescent meats and acescent vegetables, all harmonize with each other upon the tongue; while fish and flesh, butter and raw onions, fish and milk, when combined, are all offensive to a pure and healthy taste.

It would be agreeable to trace the analogy of sounds and tastes. They have both their flats and their sharps. They are both improved by the contrast of discords. Thus pepper and other condiments, (which are disagreeable when taken by themselves) enhance the relish of many of our aliments, and they are both delightful in proportion as they are simple in their composition. To illustrate this analogy by more examples from music, would lead us from the subject of the present inquiry.

It is observable that the tongue and the stomach, like instinct and reason, are, by nature, in unison with each other. One of these organs must always be disordered, when they disagree in a single article of aliment. When they both unite in articles of diet, that were originally disagreeable, it is owing to a perversion in each of them, similar to that which takes place in the human mind, when both the moral faculty and the conscience lose their natural sensibility to virtue and vice.

Unfortunately for this part of science, the taste and the stomach are so much perverted in infancy and childhood by heterogeneous aliments, that it is difficult to tell what kinds and mixtures of food are natural, and what are artificial. It is true, the system possesses a power of accommodating itself both to artificial food, and to the most discordant mixtures of that which is natural; but may we not reasonably suppose, that the system would preserve its natural strength and order much longer, if no such violence had been offered to it.



If the relation of elements to each other, follows the analogy of the objects of chemistry, then their union will be influenced by many external circumstances, such as heat and cold, dilution, concentration, rest, motion, and the addition of substances which promote unnatural, or destroy natural mixtures. This idea enlarges the field of inquiry before us, and leads us still further from facts and certainty upon this subject, but at the same time it does not preclude us from the hope of obtaining both; for every difficulty that arises out of this view of the subject, may be removed by observation and experiment.—*Dr. Rush.*

### Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

#### PHRENOLOGY AND EDUCATION.

MR EDITOR,—I ask leave to call the attention of your readers to Dr. Spurzheim's volume on Education. It has been some time before the public, and I believe, approved by all who have read it. But its circulation has been limited. It should be better known. Whatever we may think of some of the principles and professions of Phrenology, we can have but one opinion as to the discrimination, wisdom, and practical good sense of such views as its great master has given generally in the book now recommended. There may be nothing particularly new in them, but they are certainly presented in new lights, new connexions, and made to appear more important than we usually suppose them.

And this, I take to be one of the chief objects and uses of Phrenology; to call attention forcibly and with fresh interest, to some most important branches and principles of Education, which at present are comparatively slighted, and indeed, wholly excluded from many of our systems. In this relation, I am disposed to look with favor, and confident though not extravagant expectation, on the new science. I am not a disciple. I should be ashamed to call myself either a Phrenologist or an "Anti," until I know more about it. I am amazed at the ease and assurance with which people venture to decide upon this subject; making up their minds confidently for or against it, with the first lecture they hear, and perhaps with the next lecture, jumping over the whole field to the opposite position, with the same vehemence—prepared, no doubt, should a different lecturer appear, to leap back again. For myself, I have not the "organ" of rapid discernment and all-grasping judgment. My mind works slowly, when it works upon subjects like these, newly presented. I find myself unable to judge in one evening or one course of lectures, of that which has occupied far stronger minds for years and years. Indeed, so sluggish, or stupid, or cowardly am I, that I really feel reluctant to attempt to look at a glance through a subject, which covers the whole ground of physical, intellectual and moral science. Nay, worse than that, I am weak enough to call myself "Dubitant," as does a writer on this subject in your columns; though I cannot, with honor, venture to decide in the same breath in which I profess to doubt. To my mind, there seems a difference, and may be a great distance, between doubt and decision. A state of doubt should be a state of inquiry, the very state in which I am, and which, I think, becomes all who know as little of the matter as I do. I cannot understand, how a man can call himself a doubter, when he has just said—"in my mind, there is no doubt, that either Phrenology must fall, or that it must overturn the principles of religion." I doubt, that is, I am not yet sure, that either event is necessary.

I am saying much more of Phrenology itself, than I had any thought of saying. But having begun, I will go on a few steps. I shall, of course, be set down as a believer, my assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding. And those who cannot see, how any one can be an interested inquirer, without being either a believer or an unbeliever, are welcome to class me where they please. But to all others, I would say, that I consider knowledge and understanding quite important as preceding either belief or disbelief. I have no capacity of receiving or rejecting from my mind anything I am ignorant of. And this is my greatest objection to all the pieces I have yet seen written against Phrenology, and not least those which have appeared in this Journal. Much that they contain may be true. I am not sure that it is not. I am by no means sure that I shall not in the end agree with these writers in some of their most important views. But in other views, I can never agree with them, because they

are manifest misconceptions or misrepresentations of the science in question. They do not understand it. They are firing into the air. They are battling with wind-mills.—Phrenology expressly disclaims much that they charge upon it. For instance, all that relates to its religious tendencies, which seems to trouble them most, is mistaken by these writers. The amount of their objections may be seen in this one sentence of "Dubitans":—"If man is compelled to act, by the prevailing development of the organs of his brain, can he be considered a free agent, while that development and organization are independent of himself?"—The worst word in this sentence is the first—a very small but always important word—if. Let the writer pursue his inquiry independently, and he will find that both parts of his virtual assertion are untrue, and therefore his question is unnecessary. Phrenology does not say, so far as I have been able to see, after some investigation for myself—that man is "compelled to act according to his organization: nor does it say that the organization, far less the development, is "independent" of the man himself. It says just the reverse. Its very object, its prime wish, is to show man, how much power he has over not only his developments, but his organization itself. It expressly declares that organization can be controlled if not changed, and that no organic propensity or tendency is irresistible, unless in cases of exception to the great laws of human nature.

This, I conceive to be the common source of mistake on this subject; viz. the prevalent idea, that by organization, Phrenologists always mean the original and unalterable conformation of the head: whereas, if I understand their writings, they mean neither original nor unalterable necessarily. They mean rather what we usually mean by "constitution"—not exactly but nearly—that is, the actual physical condition of the individual at any given time. This, they tell us, both influences and indicates the intellectual and moral condition, and is itself reciprocally influenced by them. This constitution, this physical condition and manifestation, is affected by various circumstances within the control of parents as regards their children, and of children as regards themselves, to a certain extent; operating always according to known laws. These laws are fixed and unchangeable.—And this is the very fact, the great truth, which they wish to disclose, illustrate and impress. It is the influence of the physical part of man upon every other part, and the fact that it operates according to invariable laws; so that the one may be known by the other, and the one must be regarded and cared for, if you would govern the other. As Spurzheim says—"A good and healthy organization is the basis of all employment, and of all enjoyment." And then he shows at length, how such an organization may be secured, in part, if not wholly, by attention and cultivation. Does not this prove that he means by organization, something acquired rather than original? Is it not consistent with entire free agency, with good sense and true religion! There are difficulties, unquestionably, in the religious bearings of Phrenology.—But not greater, so far as I can yet see, than are involved in all systems, whether of philosophy or religion. They are simply the difficulties which result from two truths established by all true religion and sound philosophy, yet not easily reconciled in all respects with our present ignorance. I mean, the truths of God's unlimited fore-knowledge and man's unrestrained free agency. Believe these, and believe also in an infinite diversity of individual gifts, powers, propensities and unavoidable circumstances, and you have all the difficulty that Phrenology creates. And if you adopt some religious systems, you will have far greater perplexity; yet such as is seldom complained of. I suppose this science to say, that every man is accountable for what he has and does, but for nothing else: and in this, if it be so, I see neither materialism, fatalism, atheism, nor any other ugly ism.—So far, it seems to me plain sense, sound reason, and Christian religion. Men may misconstrue and abuse it; and so they can and do every thing else.

In fact, the whole attempt to show that Phrenology is subversive of religion, appears to me futile. The writer in the North American Review, was singularly unsuccessful in his labored proof of this point. The writers in your columns asserted, rather than attempted to prove. If I were to attack the science, with the little knowledge I now have of it

I would try every other point sooner than this. Its philosophy seems to me more suspicious than its religion. A higher or sterner virtue is not preached (would that it were practised) than may be found in the writings of Spurzheim. Men generally, perhaps these opposing writers, would shrink a little from the rigid morality which he enforces, and which he says, is as necessary to personal and social happiness, as oxygen to combustion, caloric to vegetation, and respiration to human life."

Pardon me, Mr Editor, for this random essay, and insert when you please, the passages I have marked from the Treatise on Education: not as the best, but as specimens. A.

#### EXTRACTS.

"During childhood, as well as in infancy, the regulation of the vegetative functions ought to be the most important point of education. A good and healthy organization is the basis of all employment and of all enjoyment. Many parents, however, are anxious to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body. They think they cannot instruct their offspring early enough to read and to write, whilst their bodily constitution and health are overlooked. Children are shut up, forced to sit quiet, and to breathe a confined air. This error is the greater, the more delicate the children, and the more premature their mental powers are. The bodily powers of such children are sooner exhausted, they suffer from dyspepsia, headache, and a host of nervous complaints; their brain is liable to inflammation and serious effusion; and a premature death is frequently the consequence of such a violation of nature. It is indeed to be lamented, that the influence of the physical on the moral part of man is not sufficiently understood. There are parents who will pay masters very dearly, in hope of giving excellency to their children, but who will hesitate to spend the tenth part, to procure them bodily health. Some by an absurd infatuation, take their own constitutions as a measure of those of their children, and because they themselves in advanced life can support confinement and intense application with little injury to health, they conclude that their young and delicate children can do the same. Such notions are altogether erroneous,—bodily deformities, curved spines, and unfitness for various occupations, and the fulfilment of future duties, frequently result from such misunderstood management of children. The advantages of a sound body are incalculable for the individuals themselves, their friends, and their posterity. Body and mind ought to be cultivated in harmony, and neither of them at the expense of the other. Health should be the basis, and instruction the ornament of early education."—pp. 80, 81.

"In treating of the vegetative laws I have stated, that very young children ought not to be obliged to sit still in an apartment all the day, as is sometimes the case in common school education. Particular places, in healthy situations, might be instituted, where children could come together to play, and at intervals to learn things in nature, and their names, objects and their qualities, instead of sending them out only to take a walk, or to breathe pure air. Parents might thus have the advantage of having their children kept out of harm's way, and the young creatures themselves would not be compelled to suffer the distresses necessarily experienced when restrained from moving their limbs, nor be tired by unprofitable learning. They would be pleased with acquiring the knowledge of things and of words to express them, and at the same time, they might be accustomed to order and obedience. They will also learn the signs which express the feelings, and their relations, in proportion as the feelings are excited in themselves. Gymnastic exercises might and ought to be combined with mental instruction.—The principal object of such schools should be bodily strength, order, cleanliness, notions of things and oral signs.

The schools for young children in Mr OWEN's establishment at New Lanark, first exhibited, to a certain extent, the practical application of these principles in uniting physical and intellectual education. The infant schools since introduced in London and in the rest of Great Britain, do the same; and no one can observe the happiness and intelligence which reigns among the children there, without wishing this mode of instruction generally adopted; though it may be still improved and more adapted to the nature of man. Unfortunately for the young beings, this mode of instruction has already degenerated from its first plan. Many teachers find it too difficult to adapt themselves to the children. From habit, and perhaps from commodiousness, they prefer to keep them quiet and to teach them A. B. C. and spelling, rather than to satisfy the active dispositions of the young minds.—Whoever takes interest in the improvement of education, should first think of means of forming teachers."—pp. 119, 120, 121.

"As to the objects to be taught, two general remarks may be made: it is a great error to confine education to intellectual instruction; and, secondly, it is wrong to attend rather to theoretical than practical knowledge. Ignorance is certainly a fertile cause of error, but society at large will derive greater benefit from moral improvement than from scientific acquirements. Theoretical schoolmen, I am sorry to say, are too much attached to intellectual instruction, and



not enough to the progress of moral conduct. Intellect, however, furnishes means to gratify the animal nature, as well as the nobler feelings of men. There should be schools for infants, children and youth, where positive notions of things, their usefulness and means of improvement, are communicated by the way of mutual instruction; where, at the same time, morality is shown in action and imposed as a duty; where refined manners are inculcated; and where physical education is particularly taken care of. I hope the time will come, when every one will learn to read, to write and to cipher, in order to be able to acquire new notions, to teach others that which he knows, and to assist his recollection; when all knowledge, extended according to age and particular classes of society, will be practical, from the most common notions of household affairs and agriculture, to the deeper conceptions of arts and to the principles of sciences; when, at the same time, the feelings will be exercised and their actions regulated according to the principles of morality; when nothing will be taught or learned merely for the school, but every thing in reference to universal happiness; when the religious feelings will be cultivated in every one, not by words but in deeds, not by superstitious formalities, but in harmony with reason and with the intention to improve the fate of mankind; when even the animal feelings will not be neglected, but only employed as powerful means to assist the faculties proper to man, which alone are the aim of our existence; finally when all the powers of the physical, intellectual and moral nature will be cultivated in harmony."—pp. 240, 241.

For the Literary Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Your remarks on Education, in a recent number of this Journal, and the spirit and zeal which they manifested, meet my hearty concurrence. It is always gratifying to me when I observe the most respectable periodicals of our country taking a liberal and decided stand in favor of this subject, and maintaining its claims to the attention which its intrinsic importance deserves. Yet I think it must be confessed, that a degree of lukewarmness is too apparent in many. Positive indifference, or some selfish motive no less reprehensible, frequently excludes almost all notice of a subject which demands the constant efforts of every patriot and philanthropist. It is sometimes said that this is a dry, hackneyed topic—"thrice exhausted" and therefore destitute of interest. Palates so fastidious, should not be referred to, as a criterion of just and discriminating taste. When we accustom ourselves to view every thing which is solid and practical, as dull and uninviting—when we relish such subjects and inquiries only as are either novel or marvellous, it is time for us to ascertain how far we have kept pace with the "march of intellect." In fact it is high time for us to scrutinize the motives which actuate us in bestowing either our praise or our liberality. A science just commencing its existence, and dressed in the charms of novelty, pretending to read any man's character and propensities, by a species of legerdemain, is sufficient to arouse a whole community. We will, of course, make due allowance for curiosity.—But let the subject of Education be brought forward for discussion, and, deeply interesting as it should be to every individual, it will receive comparatively but little attention. Thus, while we give up our time so willingly to gratify a disposition which is ever seeking something novel or curious: an object which has directly in view the improvement of the heart and the cultivation of the intellect, may pass unheeded.—This looks a little like what Dr. Franklin calls "paying too dear for the whistle."

It has been argued sometimes, that few except teachers take any considerable degree of interest in discussions on the subject of Education, especially when they relate to the best method of regulating schools—the improvements in the system of teaching, and finally in all those measures to be pursued by him who is immediately engaged in imparting knowledge. Parents may say it is necessary for them to be acquainted with but few, if any, of these particulars. This is a most absurd notion; and no exertion should be spared for its correction. That it does prevail to a considerable extent, especially in our country towns, I know from personal observation. Hence the necessity of creating a more general feeling of interest—of diffusing, if possible, a more active spirit of inquiry throughout all classes. Attention should be aroused in those who have heretofore been silent or indifferent. Let the press speak forth continually with zeal and decision. Its voice wherever heard will finally be heeded.

There are many things as important for the parent to un-

derstand as for the teacher. The former should know, as far as he conveniently can, what is important in the qualifications of him who attempts to be the instructor of his children; and thus knowing, he will be able to judge of the competency of the latter for the task. He should divest himself of the prejudices which he may have imbibed, and of the attachments which he may have formed in favor of old customs or discarded systems; and although it is sometimes difficult to eradicate long cherished opinions, yet a disposition for honest, independent inquiry, zealously applied, will eventually work a complete reformation. To pass along, regardless of the activity and animation around us—to catch no fresh impulse from the stir of life which is breathed into every pursuit, is to shut out the light and grope in darkness.

The present is emphatically a period of enterprise—of experiment—of improvement. Let not then the subject of Education—the noblest in a moral point of view, which can occupy our attention—be forgotten. We are sufficiently prodigal of our zeal in discussing the merits of some political favorite—we canvass the qualifications of his rival with the most earnest and rigid severity—we feel ourselves competent to decide on their respective claims. But are not the duties entrusted to those who mould in a great degree the character and habits of our youth, still more interesting and responsible!

And should we not exhibit more evident proofs of practical philanthropy, by manifesting an equal zeal in the cause of learning?—Much, we acknowledge, has been accomplished—laudable exertions are now being made—but a more general and energetic movement cannot fail of being attended by corresponding results of the most auspicious character.

CLEANTHES.

Translated for the Literary Journal.

## THE BROTHERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

MR. EDITOR.—Annexed is a Translation of a narrative from the pen of the great German dramatist Schiller, the insertion of which may gratify some of your readers. As I have rendered it into English through the medium of a French translation, it cannot be expected, in its present dress, to present any of the peculiar beauties of style which characterize the original: but although divested of these, it is interesting, on account of the incidents which it contains.

B\*\*\*d.

The following account of two young Germans, a narrative which I write with pride, presents one indisputable claim to attention: it is true: and that truth gives it more power to affect the heart, than all the letters of the Pamelas and the Grandisons.

Two brothers, Barons of Wernb, had become devotedly attached to a young girl in Werther, neither being aware of the passion of the other. Each loved with his whole soul; and with each it was a first attachment. She was beautiful, gentle and intelligent. The passion of both the young men was continually increasing in strength, while neither was aware of his misfortune in having a brother for a rival.—Neither was induced to make an untimely declaration, and each remained entirely unconscious of the state of the others feelings, until the occurrence of an unexpected event suddenly revealed the secret attachment of both.

But before that period had arrived, love, that most overpowering of all the passions, whose victims are scarcely outnumbered by those of hatred, had gained so deep a mastery over the hearts of both, that neither thought it possible for himself to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the happiness of the other.

The object of this mutual attachment, keenly sensitive to the misery of their trying situation, and dreading to seal the unhappiness of either, could not compel herself to declare a preference, and submitted her fate to the decision of their brotherly affection.

At length, gaining command of his feelings, in this struggle between passion and duty, a subject on which theorists often reason so erroneously, and on which the practical man frequently finds it so difficult to decide, the elder Baron of Wernb addressed his brother.

"I know that you deeply and truly love the object of my own devoted admiration. I inquire not in whose favor the claim would be decided, if it depended on the question, which

of us had felt the earliest attachment. Remain here—I will flee from her—I will travel over the world, and endeavor to forget her. If I can accomplish this, my brother, let her be yours; and may God bless you both!—but if I fail, I must return—you must then tear yourself away; and succeed me in the trial."

He left Germany, and went to Holland; but the image of the loved one was with him still. Away from that sky which was above his home, away from that land which held his only source of happiness, he could not live. He languished in misery, drooping and fading like the Asiatic plant which the European removes, and endeavors to rear in an arid soil, deprived of the warm sunbeams which were its life. He reached Amsterdam, and is soon laid prostrate by a raging fever. In the dreams of delirium the loved one is ever before him—he must return, or die. The physicians are alarmed, and feel that her presence can alone prolong his life. He commences his return, pale, worn, emaciated to a skeleton—he reaches his native land, a fearful example of that wasting power with which the mind destroys the body. He staggers to his brother's house, and is in the presence of his beloved.

"Brother, I am here. God knows how much my heart has striven—but I can do no more."—and he fell senseless into the arms of the young girl.

His brother evinced a not less noble spirit—he did not falter in this emergency. In a few weeks, his preparations were completed, and he was ready to depart.

"Brother, you went with your sufferings to Holland, I shall endeavor to bear mine to a greater distance. Do not lead her to the altar until I write to you—my brotherly affection imposes on you only that condition. If I can gain the victory over myself, let her be yours, and may God bless your love!—If I cannot—then let Heaven judge between us! Farewell—Take this sealed packet, and do not open it until I am far from you.—I am going to Batavia."

He sprang into the carriage, and left the pair bowed down in an agony of sorrow. In greatness of soul he had surpassed his brother; and they could not but love his magnanimity and mourn the necessity which separated them from a being so generous and noble. The sound of the departing wheels smote on their hearts like a peal of thunder. The poor girl—but no!—let us wait until the end.

The packet was opened. It contained a Will, drawn in due form, giving to his brother, all the property which he possessed in Germany, in case he never should return.

Already the generous youth was far from home. He embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived without accident, at Batavia, from whence after the lapse of a few weeks, he sent the following letter to his brother.

"Here in this distant land, when I offer to the Almighty, my prayers and blessings, I think of you and of our unfortunate love, with the feelings of a martyr. My unaccustomed situation—the new scenes which are around me, have expanded my soul. Heaven has vouchsafed me strength to make the greatest sacrifice to friendship. She is thine.—My God, I have shed a tear—it is the last. I have succeeded in my self conquest—she is thy wife! Brother, I was not destined to possess her—I cannot believe that she would have been happy with me. But if she should ever think that she might have been!—brother, brother, that would weigh heavily on thy soul. Forget not at what a price she has been purchased for thee—that wife! Let thy bearing towards her be ever like that which is now dictated by thy youthful love. Look upon her as a precious legacy from a brother whom you will behold no more. Do not inform me of your wedding day; for my wounds are still bleeding—but write me when it is past. The power which has been given me to make this sacrifice, is to me a certain pledge that God will not abandon me in this land of strangers."

The marriage was performed—a year of happiness succeeded—and then, the young wife died. In her last moments, she disclosed a terrible and fearful secret, which till then had never escaped her soul.—She had most loved the absent brother!

The two Barons are yet living. The elder is still in Germany, and has been married to a second wife. The younger has succeeded in obtaining that peace for which he sought. He has made a vow, never to be married—and he has kept it.



For the Literary Journal.

## SONG.

The roses of spring may be blooming,  
The zephyrs of spring may be heard,  
The rich blossomed boughs, unassuming,  
May shelter the light bounding bird.  
Yet the wild winds may wake from their slumber,  
And scatter the roses of spring;  
And rending the green boughs asunder,  
Alarm to the songster may bring.

The rich fruits of summer may ripen,  
The greenwood may offer its shade;  
The cheek of the maiden may brighten,  
In the bower that her lover hath made;  
Yet the cold days of autumn are coming,  
And the green boughs of summer must fade;  
And soon where the streamlet is running,  
The leaves of the bower must be laid.

And thus, to the freshness of beauty,  
Succeeds the rich summer of life;  
When the ardor of youth yields to duty,  
To manhood's dark sorrows and strife.  
As the rude winds of autumn will sever  
The flowers which the spring-time had borne,  
So the cold hand of time will soon wither,  
The bloom which young beauty has worn.

For the Literary Journal.

## SILENT AFFECTION.

She says she does not love—but oh,  
Whene'er she tells me so, alone,  
Her pallid cheek begins to glow,  
Her soft voice takes a tenderer tone;  
And there is something in her eyes,  
That looks as if she often sighs.

The deepest streams are always still;  
So are the nights of summer time;  
And woman who loves deeply, will  
Feel to confess it, half a crime:  
But in the blue depth of her eyes  
The shadow of her secret lies.

E.

C.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833.

## THE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

**LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM THE RIVER NIGER.**—The expedition fitted out in Liverpool about a year since, by a company of enterprising merchants, for the purpose of navigating the river Niger, with a view of opening a communication between the interior of Africa and England, has not met with the success, which all hoped would have resulted from an undertaking, in which nothing was wanting which prudent care and forethought could supply, to secure the objects of the voyage.

Two Steam-Boats, built expressly for the purpose, one of wood, and the other of cast iron, the latter drawing but two and a half feet of water, were the means by which the object was to be effected. A brig of one hundred and seventy-six tons, accompanied the steamers, containing a quantity of coal and such articles of merchandise as would meet a ready sale with the natives, and assist them in their progress up the river.

These vessels were well manned and armed; mounting together, twenty-one guns, besides muskets, pistols, cutlasses and boarding-pikes, for every individual on board—a force sufficient to keep at bay the concentrated forces of all the petty sovereigns whose territories border upon the Niger, should they attempt to oppose the progress of the expedition. Two officers of the Royal Navy accompanied the squadron, at the request of the Admiralty, for purposes of a scientific nature; and a gentleman of talents volunteered his services as surgeon and naturalist. Mr Laird, a distinguished merchant of Liverpool, acted as director and supercargo, and Richard Lander, the African traveller, as guide, interpreter and general adviser of the expedition.

Great interest has been felt in England as well as in the

United States, for the success of this great undertaking which was to open the hitherto inaccessible portions of that great continent, to the enterprise of the trading community.

This immense and luxuriant country, studded with populous cities, towns and villages, watered by the majestic Niger, which flows through it for two thousand five hundred miles, receiving as many tributary streams as our own Mississippi, presents many objects well worthy the attention of England as well as America; and truly has it been said by a writer in the United Service Journal, "What a field is here displayed for mercantile adventure! What an opening for the trade of Great Britain! What a market for her languishing manufactures! What a means of striking at the heart of the slave trade, by introducing civilization and industry across the very route of the principal Caravans! What a harvest for geographical and other science, in exploring the Niger and its tributary streams! What an opportunity for missionaries to spread the light of the Gospel in the focus of idolatry and superstition! What a glorious chance of converting myriads of heathen nations; and of substituting for ignorance, cruelty, and barbarism, the blessed doctrines of peace, good will, and eternal salvation!"

Public expectation has been much excited by late accounts of the progress and hopes of the Expedition. The last letters received in England from Mr Lander, were of the most cheering nature: but we have been favored with the perusal of a letter, received on Tuesday last, from Capt. Pearce, of the brig *Agenor*, of this city, dated at Princes' Island, by which we regret to learn that the English adventurers had not succeeded in accomplishing the objects of their voyage; or at least they had met with unforeseen difficulties, which had greatly retarded its progress.

Mr Lander, after being six months on the Niger, had only ascended the river as far as the mouth of the Tchadda, about two hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. This point was not reached without much fighting with the natives, who continually opposed his progress: and consequently he was unable to trade but little with them. The fatal disease which has arrested the progress of so many British adventurers, in their attempts to explore these inhospitable regions, had made dreadful havoc among his people. Twenty-three had died of sickness—which compelled the Expedition to remain at the mouth of the Tchadda, until they could obtain a reinforcement of men, as well as provisions suited for the voyage. For this purpose, Mr Lander had left the Steam-Boats, and descended the river, from whence he proceeded to the Island of Fernando Po, an English station near the mouth of the river Nun, where he procured new recruits and a supply of provisions, and was then on his way back in the schooner *Dove*, the tender of the *Agenor*; which vessel was to convey him to Brass Town, in the Brassa country, a few miles from the coast: where, after assisting Capt. Pearce in getting in the cargo of the *Agenor*, (the latter having lost six men by sickness, and the Supercargo, Mr Joseph B. Anthony,\* of this city, having been accidentally killed by the bursting of a gun,) he intended pushing up the Niger with all despatch, in order to rejoin his companions.

Hopes may therefore be indulged of the ultimate success of the expedition. Should it fail, it will not be for the want of any exertion which can be made by skill, industry, and perseverance.

We have already noticed the admirable likenesses which are to be seen at the room of Mr William H. Brown, in College-street: but we could, at that time, say only a few words of commendation. They have attracted much attention, and certainly deserve it. The ease, the rapidity, the entire absence of effort, by which they are produced, is truly surprising. Enter his apartment, at any hour of the day; and there you find him seated at his table, to which you have scarcely advanced, before with one glance of his eye, and one sweep of his scissors, you are finished, and your exact

\*This young gentleman, the painful intelligence of whose sudden death has thus been received, was the son of Mr Joseph Anthony, of this city. He had previously visited Africa; and had been prompted by his ardent and enterprising spirit, to embark on this voyage, with a desire of acquiring information respecting the important and interesting country in which he met his lamented and untimely fate.

counterpart is held up before your astonished gaze. Or if you merely step in to wonder and admire, you must first thoroughly examine your outward man; for if it exhibits any thing peculiar, any oddity, or comicality in outline or feature, he will be instantly beside you; and with a celerity equal to that with which the spirit stole the shadow of the wondering Peter Schlemihl—your own, with every line of your face, every fold and wrinkle in your coat, will be transferred to the wall of the apartment. Without machinery of any description; with the simple apparatus of a pair of scissors, a pencil and a sheet of black paper, with one look at your face,

Chin, nose and lips  
He "soonest nips."

and then, with one dash, gives the whole outline of the figure: and thus surrounded from morning till night, by a crowd of expectants, old and young, tall and short, round and angular, his scissors fly with the rapidity of Time's scythe in the Primer, while

"He cuts out all,  
Both great and small."

## CAPITAL TRIALS AND CRIMINAL CONFESSIONS.

"But what avails, to guard each outward part,  
If subtlest poison circling at thy heart  
Spite of thy courage, of thy power and weat,  
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?"

So thine own oak by some fair streamlet's side,  
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,  
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies  
Its conscious strength, the tempests' wrath defies:—  
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air;  
To its cool shade, the panting herds repair.—  
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,  
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;  
Prostrate, the beauteous ruin lies; and all  
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall."

CANNING'S "NEW MORALITY."

The continual and alarming increase of crime which for the last few years has agitated the public mind, is a subject which has of late employed the pens of several of our most able writers. It is indeed one which imperatively demands the attention of the legislator, the lawyer, and the philanthropist. It is a fact, a serious and melancholy fact, that murders coolly and deliberately committed, equalling in atrocity those of the least enlightened portions of Christendom, have repeatedly within a few months, occurred within the confines of New-England: some of them under circumstances of aggravated wickedness, and accompanied by facts of a character so revolting, not only to the feelings of humanity, but to those of common decency, that when the whole narrative has been unfolded, the heart has turned away sickened and disgusted, from the foul and degrading recital.

But important as this subject is in every point of view, there is one consideration connected with it, to which our remarks will at this time be exclusively confined. We refer to the use which is made by the press, of the detailed reports of capital trials, and the confessions and personal narratives of convicted felons, for the purpose of adding a temporary interest to the columns of a newspaper.

In relation to this, we shall speak plainly, and perhaps strongly: for the few remarks which we shall offer, will be made with a conviction of their great importance and their unquestionable truth: and if any subject requires plainness and strength of expression, it is one like the present.

Without any reference to the numberless records of minor crimes, with which the columns of the public journals are continually burdened; scarcely a month passes, in which we are not startled by the announcement of some new deed of terrific violence, some tale of unhallowed passion or lawless vengeance, terminating in blood. There has been scarcely a single hour during the last three or four years, in which the public mind has not been kept in a state of feverish excitement, by the narrative of some atrocious crime; the report of the trial, or the execution and confession of its perpetrator; and in many instances, no means have been omitted, no labor has been spared, to gather not merely all the facts connected with his horrid deed, but even all the disgusting and miserable details of his life of depravity and corruption; and to spread out the whole before the eyes of all classes of the community.

And with all this accumulating mass of pollution pouring



over the land, through a thousand channels, can it be otherwise than that an unnatural excitement, a morbid curiosity, a familiarity with crime, must be created in the public mind: a craving appetite, which sooner or later, in a greater or a less degree, will "make the food it feeds on?"

Sometimes, for weeks together, we cannot take up a newspaper, which does not contain some details of a disgusting story, which any man of ordinary breeding would blush to repeat in any respectable society. And yet what other portion of the public journal is more generally read; what portion is seized with greater avidity by old and young? Need stronger proof be given, that the publication of such a tale is a violation of public decorum—an injury to public morality? What book is more eagerly purchased, than the one which gives with loathsome minuteness, the whole life of the murderer, from the dram-shop and the gaming table, through every vile scene of sensual gratification and profligate abandonment, to the commission of his last great crime; to the moment when the whole narrative is read at the foot of the gallows, and sent thence, on the wings of the wind, receiving a new impulse from every press, until its poison is carried into every dwelling and to every fireside in the land.

We very well know the necessity which exists at the trial of a criminal, that every fact, every circumstance relating to the subject of inquiry, should be minutely narrated, and laid plainly and without disguise before those who are to try his cause, those by whose word he is to live or die;—we very well understand the necessity which on such occasions frequently requires that the restraints of decorum, the ordinary rules of propriety, and sometimes even of decency should be laid aside; while facts are explained, weighed, commented upon, which nothing but a sense of duty could induce the speaker to make a theme of public discussion.—But when this is done; when justice has secured her victim; when every purpose has been answered for which the disgusting recital was endured; what benefit can be gained by its repetition?—what good can be attained by sending forth the tale, with all its excitements to vulgar curiosity, all its foul accompaniments of filth, and obscenity, to meet the eyes and pollute the ears of thousands who would otherwise not know the names of the vices, would not even dream of the existence of the crimes, which it portrays with studied and careful minuteness.

Is any thing to be gained in the way of example for the prevention of crime, by publishing the memoirs of a convicted ruffian, by collecting every fact relating to his misspent life, all the foul and disgusting scenes of the dens of infamy in which he has served his apprenticeship to crime; and then spreading the loathsome pollution in every direction, to taint and corrupt the minds of the pure and innocent?

When the law has been satisfied; when justice has laid the wretched criminal in his dishonored grave; all has been done in which the community have any real interest, or from which they can derive any real benefit. What need have the public then to be informed of the whole course of guilt, shame, and debasement which has composed his life. Why should the whole family circle of a quiet and virtuous household, be told all the deeds of riot and debauchery, of guilt and fraud, in which his years have been spent. What have the inquisitive child, the modest and virtuous female to do with the scenes of brutal excess, of unrestrained passion, of low and grovelling sensuality, with which he was familiar? Is it not enough that his misspent existence has thus been passed: but must the whole story of its vileness and depravity, be blazoned forth, to cause by its unrestrained publicity perhaps a greater injury to society than has been caused, even by all the crimes and vices of his life; a publicity, which, if all its indirect consequences, all its remote effects upon the community, could be traced, would perhaps be found to cause a greater aggregate of evil, than even he while living was capable of devising.

The idea, that any argument is necessary to prove the demoralizing effect of such publications, is absurd. What would be thought, not of the moral feelings, but of the decency of that man, who should attempt to relate verbally, one of these infamous stories, in a mixed company of both sexes: what father would sit patiently and hear it narrated to his daughter? what mother would tell it to her child?

Shame on the vile and grovelling taste which can feed on

such miserable trash.—Shame on the spirit, which for the mere purposes of sordid gain, will consent to supply the food for so degraded an appetite.

On our fifth page will be found a translation of "The Brothers," a narrative from the pen of Schiller. Since this was in type, we have accidentally seen an imperfect and unfinished version of the same tale, which appears to be going the rounds of the newspapers. But even had we been previously aware of this fact, we should have felt no hesitation, after comparing the two translations, in inserting the present one, which was made expressly for our columns.

#### THE DENOUEMENT.

BEING THE CONDENSED MATERIALS OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF A MODERN NOVEL.

The moon's silver beams through the lattices came,  
Pouring down their full light o'er his muscular frame;  
And fell on the locks of his dark grizzled hair, [care.  
Which was changed less by time, than by watching and

By that light which fell o'er him so calm and serene,  
Each motion, each feature, each glance could be seen:  
Every line which deep sorrow and trial had placed  
On his high, noble brow, could distinctly be traced.

He rose from his seat, as the chime of the hour  
Slowly fell on his ear from the clock in the tower;  
Raised his arms both aloft, as he turned from the light,  
And drew his tall form to its uttermost height!

Each long, heavy stride shook the casement and floor,  
As he slowly advanced to the half opened door—  
He passed onward; and vanished from sight, as he said  
"Tom,—hand me my slippers—I'm going to bed!"

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. was not in time to be reported in our last weekly list of arrivals. We presume he will not object to the alteration which he will perceive in the last stanza, which was made solely to avoid a slight inaccuracy in the rhyme.

The first part of "MARIA ROSA," an Italian tale translated from the French "Salmagundi," is on file for insertion in our next.

There is some pith in the following communication, which appeared in a newspaper of half a century ago. It is as true now, as it was then.

From the *Ploughman's Gazette*.

I hate your long writers. Why, if a man has any thing to say, let him say it; and when he talks to other folks, why does he not talk like other folks? A man that writes for the newspaper—aye, or a woman either, ought to write plain English, a good homespun style. The reasons for it are as clear as day.

Your long writers are your worst. They are always flimsy. I cannot bear their "corroborations," their "consequentlys," and their "extraordinarilys"—words long enough for a sentence. Such words ought to be used sparingly, like your Sunday coat. Instead of this, they will give you sometimes fifty in a period.

They will be all day telling you a story. Enough to kill your patience to hear it. They will have the same idea, if they have any idea, split into a thousand sentences. Why, I could divert my mind as well by counting the furrows in a large plough-field.

Another sort of writers that I would hint at, are those that tell us they can speak other languages. I mean such as stick a little Latin into their pieces, and a little French. This Latin I do not care so much about, because I can run over to the Parson's and get it explained. Though I find him sometimes horribly boggled. But what he can explain, has commonly more cream to it than any thing else in the piece.

These all follow one another. They copy. Why—throw their works into a heap, and you can no more tell them apart, than you can distinguish the individuals in a train of black-birds. Now, one loves to have something new. I never think I am paid for reading a piece, without I could swear either that I had, or else that I never had, read it before.

From *Rush's Memoranda*.

RESEARCH OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN ENGLAND.—Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matters of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually the concerns of individuals.—Does a private gentleman come to town?—you hear it in the newspaper; does he build a house, or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends? you have all their names next day in type; is the drapery of a lady's room changed from red damask and gold, to white satin and silver? the fact is publicly announced. So of a

thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Stael, led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who, surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek this kind of publicity. If it were only so, the class is large, beyond all parallel, in England; but its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way, the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print; so that, altogether, these are thrown upon the public to an extent without example in any other country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens took cognizance of private life; what was said at first became known to few listeners; then to a small town; but in three days, a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months, every part of the globe.

Some would suppose that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing could be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the government, but in the classes. True, the daily press is of the educated class; for its conductors hold the pens of scholars, often of statesmen. Hence, you see no editorial personalities; which, moreover, the public taste would not bear. But what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals at least in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number. The bulk of these are unmoved by what newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions;—which passing quickly from one to another in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people of England live in towns, which augments moral as well as physical power; the last, by strengthening rural parts through demand for their products;—the first by sharpening intellect through opportunities of collision. The daily press could muster opposing mental forces, if scattered; but not when they can combine. The general literature of the country, also reacts against newspapers. The permanent press as distinct from the daily, teems with productions.—There is a great and powerful class of authors always existent in England, whose awful sway exceeds that of the newspapers, as the main body the pioneers. The periodical literature is always effective, a match at least for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary; less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organized corps, full of spirit and always ready; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind, that can rally and defeat it. From the latter source it may also be presumed, that a more deliberate judgment will in the end be formed on difficult questions than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily journals. The latter move in their proper orbit by reflecting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled.—Such are some of the considerations that strike the stranger who reads their newspapers. They make a wonderful part of the social system in England.

WANTS OF THE AGES.—It is man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes, but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old, wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugar-plums, apple pies and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs upon kites, marbles, and tops, and an abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen, he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of Wellington-boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure, and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty, he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty, he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it; about this time also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty, wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands; to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—*New York Traveller*.

GIANTS.—Byrne, the Irish giant, who lately died in London, measured eight feet two inches.

Cornelius Hagarth, who died in the year 1760, measured seven feet eight inches.

Edward Malone, an Irishman, was seven feet seven inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daniel Cardanus, the Swedish giant.

The celebrated Dr. Cheselden, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp near St. Alban's, and near to an urn inscribed "Marcus Antonius," which he judged to have been eight feet four inches.

Maximus the Emperor, was nine feet high, and in the reign of Augustus, there were said to be many others as tall.



## Miscellaneous Selections.

## HALLOO, MY FANCIE.

This curious lyric has been published anonymously in several of the early collections of old English poetry. Lieut. Colonel Cleland, of the Cameronian regiment, who fell in the battle of Dunkeld, wrote a volume of poems which was published in 1678. In Watson's Collection of Scottish Poems, it is said that Cleland was the author of the ninth and tenth verses, and that they were written when he was a student at the College of Edinburgh, and only eighteen years of age. They are superior to any of the productions of his after life.

In melancholic fancie,  
Out of myself,  
In the Vulcan dancie,  
All the world surveying,  
Nowhere staying,  
Just like a faerie-elf;

Out o'er the tops of the highest mountains skipping,  
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,  
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapors,  
Fain would I know,  
What doth cause the tapers,  
Why the clouds benight us,  
And affright us,

While we travel here below.

Fain would I know, what makes the roaring thunder,  
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,  
And what these comets are, on which we gaze and wonder.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason,  
Why the little ant,  
All the summer season,  
Layeth up provision,  
On condition,

To know no winter's want:

And how huswives, that are so good and painful,  
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,  
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, I will describe you,  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,

What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealth of lading.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before,  
There I do behold,  
There's none that sees or knows;  
All the world's a gadding,  
Running madding,

None doth his station hold.

He that is below, envieth him that riseth,  
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;  
So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look what bustling  
Here I do espy!  
Each other justling,  
Every one turmoiling,  
Th' other spoiling,

As I did pass them by.

One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,  
Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion;  
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,  
Fain would I know,  
What doth cause the motion,  
And returning  
In its journeying,

And doth so seldom swerve!

And how these little fishes, that swim beneath salt water,  
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a matter,  
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved  
How things are done,  
And where the bull was calved  
Of bloody Phalaris,  
And where the tailor is,

That works to the man i' the moon!

Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;  
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly;  
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phæton,  
I'll mount Phœbus' chair;  
Having ne'er a hat on,  
All my hairs a burning,  
In my journeying,

Hurrying through the air.

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,  
And see how they on foamy bits are playing,  
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Or from what ground of nature  
Doth the pelican,  
That self-devouring creature,  
Prove so froward,  
And untoward

Her vitals for to strain!

And why the subtle fox, while in death's wounds he's lying,  
Doth not lament his pangs by howling and by crying;  
And why the milk-white swan doth sing when she's a dying.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this,  
At least make essay;  
Why fowls of a feather  
Flock and fly together,

And lambs know beasts of prey.

How nature's alchemists, these small laborious creatures,  
Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,  
And suffer none to live, who slothfully lose their features.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

I'm rapt with admiration  
When I do ruminate,  
Men of an occupation,  
How each one calls him brother,  
Yet each envieth other,  
And yet still intimate!

Yea I admire to see, since nature's farther sundered,  
Than Antipodes to us. It is not to be wondered,  
In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce a hundred!

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

What multitude of notions,  
Doth perturb my pate,  
Considering the motions,  
How the heavens are preserved,  
And this world served,

In moisture, light and heat!

If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,  
Or one turns another continuing in journeying,  
If rapid circles' motion be that which they call burning.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain also would I prove this,  
By considering,  
What that, which you call love, is;  
Whether it be a folly,  
Or a melancholy,  
Or some heroic thing!

Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded,  
And fully upon one his desire hath founded,  
Whom nothing else could please, though the earth were

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

To know this world's centre,  
Height, depth, breadth, and length,  
Fain would I adventure,  
To search the hid attractions  
Of magnetic actions,

And adamant strength.

Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,  
Where the moon sojourns, if there be trees, or fountain,  
If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I have it tried  
By experiment,  
By none can be denied;  
If in this bulk of nature  
There be voids less or greater,  
Or all remains complete.

Fain would I know, if beasts have any reason;  
If falcons killing eagles, do commit a treason;  
If fear of winter's want makes swallows fly the season.

Halloo, my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Halloo, my fancie, halloo,  
Stay, stay at home with me;  
I can thee no longer follow;  
For thou hast betrayed me,  
And bewrayed me.

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring,  
Stay stay at home with me, and on thy books be poring,  
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing:

Thou'rt welcome home my fancie, welcome home to me.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far greater consequence than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

DEATH.—The following is an extract from an article in the London Quarterly Review, on Sir Henry Hallford's work on Death and Insanity.

"Whatever be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about, appear to be but two. In one, the nervous system is primarily attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction of the powers of life; in the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood in the arteries of the body, instead of the red arterial blood.—The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting, the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied with all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life—the pinched and pallid features, the cold clammy skin, the up-turned eye, and the heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time, some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their functions and die.—As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid which naturally lubricates the surface; the atmosphere can now on longer come in contact with the minute blood vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid—hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the venous into arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life; the peasant 'babbles o' green fields,' and Napoleon expired amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath, 'tete d'armee.'"

"Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper, and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean: there you see more water but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover."

Lord ROCHESTER had not confidence enough to speak in the House of Peers. One day making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—my lords I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—my lords, if I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off ROOT AND BRANCH for ever?"

Nothing is better adapted to give polish to the education of a young man, than the conversation of virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to smooth the rough edges of our character and to mellow our tempers.—In short, the man who has never been acquainted with females of the better class, is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but must also have little success in social life; and I should not like to be connected by the bond of friendship with the man who has a bad opinion and speaks ill of the female sex in general.

Wisdom and courage may extend the date of freedom, as much as ignorance and pusillanimity may abridge it. But in order to defend our rights, it is necessary that we should understand their origin and comprehend their extent. The first honors belonging indeed to the citizen whose successful valor opposes oppression in the field and represses its encroachments; but neither is his merit small, who awakens his countrymen to the consideration of the most important questions, who exposes the artifices of sophistry, and defends from fraud and undermining, the sacred fabric of human rights and public liberty.—Thomas Day.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

Is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square Providence, R. I. Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars, at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a seventh copy, gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid to

J. KNOWLES & Co.  
Publishers and Proprietors.